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AN ELEGY ON WINTER,

AND

OTHER POEMS:

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

An INSCRIPTION to the MEMORY of the late LORD LYTTELTON.

By JOHN JONES, SCHOOL-MASTER, IN KIDDERMINSTER,

AUTHOR OF POEMS ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

BIRMINGHAM:

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M.DCC.LXXIX.

THE AUTHOR of the following POEMS was born in Briſtol, in the year 1740; in which City his father, by his ſkill as a farrier, lived for ſome time in affluence; but afterwards diſſipated the whole of a conſiderable ſubſtance, and fell a victim to intemperance about the latter end of the year 1745, he having loſt his mother a few months before. Previous to theſe melancholy events, he was taken care of by his grandfather-in-law, who kept a public houſe in Bewdley, by whom he was put to ſchool till the year 1751, when at that early age, he was placed out apprentice to a ſtuff-weaver in Kidderminſter: His grandfather-in-law ſoon afterwards retiring from buſineſs in reduced circumſtances, our bard may from that period be ſaid to be deſtitute of every protecting friend, and was of courſe expoſed to many difficulties. At the expiration of his apprenticeſhip, he involved himſelf deeply in debt, by a fruitleſs attempt to recover an eſtate of about twenty pounds per annum, to which he was undoubted heir at law. The year following he entered into the matrimonial ſtate. The ſudden death of his ſecond child, during its infancy, gave occaſion to a pathetic elegy (inſerted among a ſmall collection of his poems publiſhed ſome years ago) which falling into the hands of Dr. Johnſtone, an eminent phyſician of Kidderminſter, was the means of his being noticed by that gentleman, whom he has ever ſince conſidered as his patron and friend. By his encouragement he firſt opened a ſchool in Kidderminſter, in which undertaking he has conſtantly been ſupported by moſt of the principal inhabitants; and ſome years ago he was intruſted with the office of veſtry clerk, the duties of which fill up his vacant hours.

It ought not to be omitted, that a few years before the death of the late Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Woodhouſe, the ingenious author of a poem on the Leaſowes, very obligingly preſented a poem of our author's to his Lordſhip, who having previouſly been made acquainted with his character by his friend Dr. Johnſtone, that nobleman expreſſed a deſire to ſee him, and accordingly ſoon afterwards he was admitted to the honor of an interview at his ſeat at Hagley, where he has at all times ſince met with a moſt favourable reception, of which he makes a grateful acknowledgement to the preſent Lord Lyttelton, in his lines written in the Poet's Walk.---Indeed it was principally with a view of paying a tribute of gratitude to many kind friends and benefactors, that he yielded to the publication of this ſhort account of his life, and of theſe POEMS.

JANUARY 12th,
1779.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ELEGY ON WINTER.

WHILST ſteril Winter rules the infant year,
And ſcatters round his ſtorms and tempeſts drear;
Whilſt the ſtern north his icy face diſplays,
With aſpect frowning more and more ſevere,
And ev'ry heart diſmays;
To Albion's gracious QUEEN!
Whoſe Praiſes dwell on ev'ry tongue,
The muſe, with awe, in elegiac ſong
Preſents the mournful ſcene.
Yet ah! will CHARLOTTE's judging ear endure
To hearken to a bard obſcure?
Yes; ſhe will greatly condeſcend
Her ev'ry weightier care,
(For ſhe is gentle as ſhe's fair)
A moment to ſuſpend:
CHARLOTTE, by virtue as by taſte approv'd,
Whoſe ſoul to ſympathy ſo ſoon is mov'd;
Will deign to grant her juſtly honour'd name,
To grace and dignify the poet's theme;
And chief his plea befriend.

Like Britain's boaſt, ye great and good excuſe,
A weak intruſive muſe,
Who ſupplicates your bounty but to ſave
From nakedneſs and an untimely grave,

The wretched ſons of poverty and pain:
O may you never, never know
Th' innum'rous griefs to penury ally'd;
Nor ever taſte their bitter cup of woe,
Nor aught of ill your bliſs betide;
Yet whilſt within your warmer domes ſecure,
You all the elemental rage defy----
O think what they endure,
Whilſt Boreas raves, and ſnows in eddies fly;
And whilſt you view them with a pitying eye,
Let no penurious thought reſtrain
Your lib'ral out-ſtretch'd hand----
Their wants an inſtant aid demand,
Nor may they plead in vain.

Lo! where a mother with dejected eye,
Surveys her num'rous, helpleſs progeny,
Around a faintly glimm'ring fire,
(The laſt a ſquallid hearth allow'd)
With cold benumb'd, and ſhiv'ring croud!
O how their little ſouls exult with glee
The quiv'ring blaze to ſee!
Awhile no greater bleſſing they require:
But oh, 'tis mock'ry all!
The vagrant flame whilſt ſtruggling to recal,
Their few remaining ſparks expire.

Now each amuſive toy ſhe tries,
Their thoughts of hunger to elude;
But they her proffer'd gifts deſpiſe,
The calls of nature will intrude.

Around

Around their drooping ſire they clam'rous preſs,
Whoſe fond paternal cares they uſ'd to bleſs:
" Give us ſome food, ſome bread at leaſt," they cry,
Whilſt ſadly ſilent, with averted eye,
He ſeeks his ſorrows to conceal;
But ſoon their watchful looks his griefs deſcry,
And forc'd, at length, his anguiſh to reveal,
(For he no longer can refrain,
No longer can the pond'rous load ſuſtain)
Adown his cheeks the briny torrents flow,
And who but muſt participate his woe?

In yon lone cottage, by rude whirlwinds ſhorn,
Where mingled tempeſts war tremendous wage,
With unrelenting rage;
'Till drench'd, and from its deep foundations torn---
There a poor widow weeps in ſolitude,
Remote from ev'ry gentle friend
Who might a lenient hand extend,
Her ſorrows to elude.
See, claſp'd within her feeble arms,
(For yet maternal love her boſom warms)
A ſickly infant nurſ'd with woe,
For ſhe, alas, no comfort can beſtow!
Tho' panting ſore, and e'en with life oppreſſ'd,
Still it ſurvives her painful lot to ſhare,
And clings to her exhauſted breaſt,
Sole object of her griefs and tend'reſt care!
Myſterious heav'n! why did ſhe ever prove
The choiceſt bleſſings of connubial love? Why

Why was her bridal morning ſtrew'd with flow'rs?
Why giv'n to hope for brighter, happier hours?
But let not man preſumptuouſly arraign
That wond'rous providence,
Which ſeeming evils ſometimes does diſpenſe---
Nor impiouſly complain:
But wrapt in ſilence own th' unerring GOD,
Whoſe ear regards his ev'ry creature's call;
And tho' his hand may lift the chaſt'ning rod,
"Afflictions oft are bleſſings in diſguiſe,"
Impervious to the ken of mortal eyes:—
But ſoon the teacher Death unravels all.

How ſhall the weeping muſe relate
The hapleſs orphan's more forlorn eſtate,
Of both his parents in one year bereft;
And midſt a frowning world,
Far from his native ſoil by treach'rous fortune hurl'd,
Without or faithful friend, or guardian left:
Poor innocent! he thinks not of the ſnares
Which vice, to blaſt his future fame, prepares;
Nor marks thoſe miſcreants vile, whoſe fair outſide,
By truth's exterior ſanctified,
Their fraudful hearts and avarice conceal;
'Till in ſome inauſpicious hour,
His little ſubſtance they at once devour,
Nor for the barb'rous deed the leaſt compunction feel.
But to ſome gloomy tyrant now conſign'd,
What anguiſh fills his anxious mind;
His rugged toils no intermiſſion know: No

No pleaſing converſe the long hours beguile,
But threatnings dire and inſults vile.
Whilſt, to augment the meaſure of his woe,
His hard-earned bread the niggard wretch denies,
And deems it luxury to hear his piteous ſighs.
Spring, ſummer, autumn, may for others ſmile,
Their ſorrows to beguile---
But him, alas! no gladſome ſeaſon chears!
All, all alike one wintry ſcene appears,
Clouded with griefs, and blotted o'er with tears!
Ah! what avails it that, to manhood grown,
To wiſdom and her ſons unknown,
Each pleaſing hope for ever fled:
In vain to ſcience he prefers his pray'rs,
She mocks his ſtudious cares,
Whilſt dark oblivion veils his drooping head.
Hence, if above th' unconſcious throng,
He pants ſome little eminence to gain----
Daſh'd back by pride----hiſſ'd by each vip'rous tongue,
With ſad deſpair oppreſſ'd,
He ſtrikes his throbbing breaſt,
And weeps his efforts vain.---
But ſoft, my muſe, thy ſad repinings ſpare,
And pay to genuine worth the tribute due;
There yet are found to ſuff'ring virtue true,
In whoſe eulogium let a JOHNSTONE ſhare.

But who comes here with ſupplicating eye
And trembling as he ſlowly moves along;
See! ſee! his boſom heaves th' inceſſant ſigh,
Whilſt the ſad tale breaks from his falt'ring tongue; Ah!

Ah! 'tis decrepid age,
(Upon whoſe venerable head,
Time has its hoary honours ſhed)
Unhouſ'd and wandr'ing 'midſt the tempeſt's rage
No idle vagrant he;
O fix not that deteſted name,
That brand of infamy and ſhame,
To his ſad deſtiny.
Perhaps ſome lov'd unduteous child
Whom vice had to her fatal lure beguil'd,
Upon his ſubſtance hourly prey'd,
And though with ſelf-felt grief he ev'ry day
Beheld it mouldering faſt away
Of conſequences dire afraid
Or with falſe vows of Reformation fed
(Though heard his errors oft to chide)
His growing wants he ſtill ſupplied,
'Till deſtitute himſelf of bread.
Hence ſinking nature to ſuſtain,
He (though reluctant) is compell'd to ſue
For cates which laviſh hands may waſteful ſtrew,
Nor e'en the coarſeſt fragment would diſdain

Ye who the rod of Juſtice ſway,
Him from your precincts not too rudely chace,
Nor to his miſery add diſgrace
Tho law to avarice yields him up a prey
Whene'er your mandate bids the wretched bleed
Humanity deplores, nor ſhall the muſe
Her tributary griefs refuſe.
Nor fear to ſtigmatiſe the barb'rous deed.

See the poor ſoldier, whoſe extenſive roam,
Has led him many a thouſand leagues from home;
Who countleſs hardſhips has endur'd,
To Ind and Africk's ſultry ſuns inur'd;
Who panting ſought the hoſtile field,
And many a deſperate ſiege ſuſtain'd,
Amid ſuperiour numbers ſtill his ground maintain'd,
And nobly ſcorn'd to yield.
Worn out at length with many a hard campaign,
Once more he tempts the treach'rous main.
With raptur'd eye he hails the Britiſh ſtrand,
Whoſe diſtance long in ſecret he bemoan'd;
But now his feet regain his native land,
He deems his perils well aton'd.
To his loſt relatives reſtored,
Nobly forgetful of the future day,
For him in haſte they ſpread the feſtive board,
And all their little luxuries diſplay.
Ye frugal, their tumultuous mirth excuſe,
Nor harſhly deem them too profuſe:
Ye who have never ſhed a parting tear,
Nor a long abſent friend embrac'd,
Be not ſevere,
To ſtigmatize their homely chear,
Their uproar wild and their uncourtly feaſt.

Too ſoon reverſ'd the gladſome ſocial ſcene,
To mirth he bids a laſt adieu:
Black threat'ning clouds already intervene,
And famine's ghaſtly train his ſteps purſue.

The ice-incruſted ſoil
Repels his toil;
Deep ſighing o'er the idle plough he ſtands,
And wrings in ſad deſpair, his uſeleſs hands;
Unpractiſ'd in mechanic arts,
A ſtranger to the vulgar cares of life,
Aghaſt he looks—the tear of anguiſh ſtarts,
And oh! he ſinks unequal to the ſtrife.
Yet not extinct his martial fire,
Britannia, nor for thee his duteous love;
He ſighs once more his proweſs to approve,
And on the well fought field with tranſport would expire.

And ſhall ſuch worth, what moſt it dreads endure,
Neglected ſink into a grave obſcure?
Where flows proud Tagus let it not be ſaid,
Nor be it publiſh'd in the courts of Gaul,
That when the worn-out veteran wanted aid,
Britons unmov'd beheld his plight,
Or heedleſs turning from the painful ſight,
Regarded not his plaintive call.

Ah! muſt the muſe the mournful theme purſue?—
To bid her griefs unceaſing flow,
And fill up ev'ry interval of woe.
Objects of pity throng to view!—
There, in a noiſome priſon pent,
Where the foul ſtagnant air ne'er finds a vent,
The debtor, by misfortunes preſſ'd,
Or ruin'd by ſome artful knave;
But chief by his ſtern creditor diſtreſſ'd,
Pines—prematurely verging to the grave! Ah!

Ah! who, without a pitying tear,
Can ſee, expoſ'd to poverty and ſcorn,
A train of helpleſs infants dear,
A virtuous wife, depriv'd of all relief,
And frantic with her grief,
From his embraces by rude ruffians torn?

Not th' audacious felon, bound in chains,
With fate impending o'er his guilty head,
A lot ſo truly rigorous ſuſtains —
For him unearn'd each day provides its bread.
A few ſhort months, or weeks confin'd,
'Till tutor'd in the num'rous quirks of law,
Sudden he 'ſcapes thro' ſome unnotic'd flaw:
Hence with a more contaminated mind
His wonted courſe exulting he purſues,
And with black aggravated crimes,
The ſtigma of the times,
His depredations dire renews
On all the peaceful ſons of human-kind!

But hark! what voice diſturbs the ear of night,
And fills the ſoul with horror and affright?---
'Tis the poor lazar in yon garret laid,
With ſickneſs ſore oppreſſ'd,
In vain he toſſes round for reſt,
And ſhrinks mean while with poverty diſmay'd.
To ſilence left, and darkeſt ſolitude;
(For none, on his retreat,
To ſooth the rigours of his fate,
E'er ventures to intrude.)

In wailings ſad he vents his bitter moan,
Or ſighs the toilſome ling'ring hours away,
And dares to chide the tyrant death's delay:----
Alas!---that dreadful groan!---

Ye gentle, good, and fair!
O let the muſe your ſofter feelings ſpare!
Your ſouls, by ſympathy refin'd,
Are taught to weep another's woe:
Already ye the boon beſtow,
To bleſs the wretched ſons of human-kind;
Inſpir'd by fair benevolence,
Wide o'er the land your bleſſings ye diſpenſe:
And whilſt your bounty ye diſplay,
See, ſee each grateful heart diſtends;
Nor lightly deem your gifts are caſt away----
For lo, to heav'n th' effuſive prayer aſcends,
Tho' HERE prime objects of a God's regard,
THERE are your works of mercy kept in ſtore,
Nor ſhall they fail to find a full reward
When earth's afflictive ſcenes, and time ſhall be no more.

An AMERICAN ELEGY.

WHEN diſcord o'er the Weſtern ocean
Firſt her baleful torch diſplay'd,
Touch'd with pity's ſoft emotion.
There the muſe a nymph ſurvey'd. On

On her charms all healthful blooming,
Late each eye enraptur'd gaz'd,
Nor pale grief her health conſuming,
Had as yet thoſe charms eraſ'd.

As the tim'rous hart, when wounded,
Ev'ry brake for ſafety tries;
So by death's alarms confounded,
Here and there ſhe trembling flies.

From th' imbattled field receding,
Full of anguiſh and diſmay,
For her country inly bleeding,
To inteſtine feuds a prey.

On the rocky beach now ſtanding,
Muſing where her charms to hide,
Soon ſhe ſaw freſh levies landing,
Soon our hoſtile fleets ſhe ſpy'd.

Whilſt the rage of war lamenting,
Painful to each gen'rous mind----
Thus ſhe cry'd, thoſe ſorrows venting,
Which too long had been confin'd:

" Britons, tarniſh not your glory,
From your ancient ſtock we're ſprung,
Raptur'd oft we've heard your ſtory,
Raptur'd, all your triumphs ſung.

Oft together we've contended,
Which ſhould firſt the wreath obtain; Jointly

Jointly oft our rights defended,
From the galling Gallic chain.

Then why force us, for protection,
To the arms of France to fly?
E'er you loſe us by defection,
Some more lenient meaſures try.

Happy in our charter'd ſtation,
We indulg'd no murm'ring thought;
Happy in our near relation,
Freedom's flame divine we caught.

Late our harveſts overflowing,
Far diffus'd their ample ſtores;
Every gale to Britain blowing
Waſted commerce from our ſhores.

Crown'd with bleſſings in profuſion,
Blitheſome were our nymphs and ſwains:
Free from bloodſhed and confuſion,
Our's were th' Arcadian plains.

You as guardians, ſtill careſſing,
Grateful for your foſt'ring care;
Duteous zeal with truth profeſſing,
We but wiſh'd your lot to ſhare.

But, alas! the ſcene how changed,
You no more as friends we greet,
From each other quite eſtranged,
Hence, as deadly foes we meet. See,

See, our villas burning round us,
Nought our anguiſh to beguile;
Parents, children's ſhrieks confound us,
Cloſ'd within one fun'ral pile.

Whilſt to woods and deſarts flying,
From the all-devouring ſteel;
Thouſands there are fainting, dying—
Oh! the poignant griefs they feel!—

There the ſavage hoards are prowling;
Now they graſp their helpleſs prey;—
Stygian hounds (tho' like them howling)
Are leſs cruel far than they.

Say, although we have offended—
Why ſhould wrath for ever burn?—
Be the olive branch extended;
To its ſheath the ſword return.

Join'd in friendſhip and alliance,
(When no broils our arms divide)
We might bid the world defiance,
And each tyrant's rage deride:

Happy proſpect!---ſoul delighting----
Haſte the bright auſpicious day,
When in compacts firm uniting
All our griefs ſhall melt away."

ODE

ODE to MASONRY.

ROUSE from thy torpid ſlumbers, rouſe my muſe,
The nobleſt theme invites thy artleſs lays;
Lo, honour'd PETRE will thy faults excuſe,
Nor ſpurn th' unletter'd bard who ſighs to merit praiſe.

Hail, myſtic art! in dignity ſupreme,
'Tis thine the paths of ſcience to explore;
Hence ages far remote rever'd thy name,
Nor ſhall thy luſtre fade 'till time ſhall be no more.

Thy pow'r creative bids the ſumptuous dome,
The circling arch, the pond'rous column riſe;
Whilſt ſculpture op'ning wide her ſplendid tome,
With more than magic charm attracts our raviſh'd eyes.

'Tis thine to cheriſh ev'ry lib'ral art,
The ſtudious toils of genius to reward----
To wake to tend'reſt ſympathy the heart,
To point the ſoul to objects worth her prime regard.

Philanthropy leads forth thy ſmiling train---
Peace, concord, freedom, friendſhip, love refin'd:
Far from thy gentler eye flies proud diſdain,
And tyranny abaſh'd, the plague of human-kind.

What though a DODD, (who hears the tale unmov'd)
From truth's fair line, alas, erroneous ſtray'd!
Yet whilſt thy dictates are by heav'n approv'd,
Thee let no ſland'rous tongue with his ſad fate upbraid.

Written

Written in the POET's WALK *in* HAGLEY PARK.

And addreſſed to the Right Hon. LORD LYTTELTON.

YE ſacred bards, whoſe each inſpir'd page
Melliſluous and ſublime, I oft explore
With ſtrong expreſſive extacy of ſoul!
What time, attracted by theſe hallow'd haunts,
Ye quit Elyſium's never-fading fields;
If not protractive of your bliſs, O look
With pity on a weak untutor'd bard!
Who, plung'd amid the ſtorms of adverſe fortune,
Inceſſant ſtruggles with each ruthleſs wave:
Yet hopeleſs ſinks not, whilſt with raptur'd eye
He ſees complacent ſmiling on his toils,
Illuſtrious LYTTELTON! whoſe bounteous hand
Is ever open to relieve the wants
Of Genius and the muſe. - - - - - - - -

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE,

Addreſſed to a LADY.

DAMON. COME, love, to the villa away,
No toils ſhall our tranſports reſtrain:
Let mirth ſtill diſtinguiſh the day
When Celia reviſits the plain.

PASTORA. How ſweetly attractive her mien,
How ſoft and melodious her voice;
Her looks, O how kind and ſerene!
Her preſence ſtill bids us rejoice.

DAMON. Her converſe how ſweet and refin'd,
What ſympathy dwells in her breaſt,
Her words how engaging and kind,
Whene'er ſhe relieves the diſtreſs'd.

PASTORA. But huſh, for perhaps ſhe is near,
(To flatt'ry averſe as to pride)
If ſhe theſe effuſions ſhould hear,
Altho' ſhe can't frown, ſhe may chide.

DAMON. For her I've a poeſy prepar'd;
Theſe flow'rets, tho' cull'd from the plain,
Perhaps ſhe may deign them regard—
Perhaps ſhe may ſmile on the ſwain.

PASTORA. With them we'll a garland entwine,
Tho' winter has tarniſh'd their dies;
Tho' ſoon they their ſweets ſhall reſign,
She will not the preſent deſpiſe.

To Mrs. SOLEY, *of Sandborne, Worceſterſhire.*

THO' not a primroſe decks the plain,
Tho' leafleſs ev'ry tree appears----
Your preſence glads each drooping ſwain,
And e'en yon' barren heath endears. Contented

Contented with our humble fate,
Your goodneſs ev'ry toil beguiles;
Nor envy we the rich and great,
Whilſt bleſt with your approving ſmiles.

Nor dread we now the wintry ſky,
Tho' ſtorms ariſe, and tempeſts lour,
Nor drifted ſnows, tho' mountain high,
Nor when the floods their torrents pour.

Whilſt your harmonious voice we hear,
We ev'ry gloomy thought reſign;
Ah, who but muſt that worth revere,
Where wiſdom, wit, and taſte combine.

But ſoon, too ſoon you haſte away,
And oh! our tranſports are no more:
So Phœbus deigns a lucid ray,
Whoſe tranſient ſplendour all deplore.

To Dr. JOHNSTONE, *Phyſician, in Kidderminſter; on ſeeing his ingenious Eſſay on the Uſe of the Ganglions of the Nerves.*

WHILST ſome with fortune's vagrant gifts content,
Seek not the gifts of nature to improve;
Or on ambition's tow'ring projects bent,
Far from the ſphere preſcrib'd by heav'n remove.

With wiſdom bleſſ'd your duty to diſcern,
This with unceaſing ardour you purſue;
And whilſt opinions vain and *falſe*, you ſpurn,
With ſolid reaſoning you enforce the *true*.

Nor leſs extenſive than your ſkill, your care;
No ſigh but wounds your ſympathizing breaſt:
No patient groans, but you his anguiſh ſhare,
Still anxious to relieve each wretch diſtreſt.

For this the midnight taper you conſume,
And front diſeaſe's rank infectious breath;
Or wander midſt the night's obnoxious gloom,
To ſnatch the victim from the jaws of death.

Hence, whilſt our nice contexture you explore,
You truths deſcry, to former times conceal'd:
So fam'd COLUMBUS ſought a farther ſhore,
And to the ancient a new world reveal'd.

To a LADY, *on her* MARRIAGE.

IF aught that can the human heart engage,
Improve its joys, its num'rous griefs aſſuage;
If beauty, taſte, wit, virtue, ev'ry charm
Deſign'd by heav'n to keep affection warm;
If theſe, in times degen'rate, can retain
One lover in the ſoft hymeneal chain----
Then ſhall the gentle fair BELDWYNNA prove
The choiceſt bleſſings of connubial love.

STANZAS,

STANZAS, *addreſſed to* CHRISTOPHER JONES, *a poor Wool-comber, at Crediton, in Devonſhire; Author of two ingenious Poems inſerted in the Monthly Miſcellany.*

AH! though Apollo chides my lyre,
Nor ſmiles one ſweet Aonian maid;
Though far from Phœbus' ſacred fire,
Nor near Caſtalia's fount I've ſtray'd:

Whilſt ſoft affection warms my breaſt,
On nature's influence I'll recline;
Long be her genial pow'r confeſſ'd
Propitious to thy muſe, and mine.

Like me, thou doubtleſs oft haſt ſigh'd,
The paths of wiſdom to explore,
Alike by cruel fate deny'd
To taſte or Greece or Latium's lore.

On thee, perhaps, in infant years,
As me, fair fortune treach'rous ſmil'd;
Then mock'd alike our orphan tears,
Nor one depreſſive care beguil'd.

O may benevolence inſpire
Some breaſt humane to ſooth thy grief,
To patronize thy tuneful lyre,
And give thy ceaſeleſs toils relief.

Ye

Ye rich, in your ſuperfluous ſtore,
O let one worthy object ſhare;
May merit ne'er in vain implore,
Nor ſink beneath domeſtic care.

ADDRESS *to* FORTUNE.

WHILST others with impatient eyes
Thy wheel, O fortune! anxious view,
Or clam'rous claim thy nobleſt prize,
And vainly deem thy gifts their due.

Thy humbleſt vot'ry deign to hear,
Who ſilent breathes his ardent pray'r,
Thy ſmiles his penſive hours would cheer,
And ſoon alleviate ev'ry care.

I aſk not for inglorious eaſe,
The ſparkling bowl, nor ſumptuous board;
I've no ignoble wiſh to pleaſe,
And ſcorn the miſer's mould'ring hoard.

O grant me but a THOUSAND POUNDS----
----Thy fiat ſtay----too much I crave;
So vaſt a ſum the muſe confounds,
To Mammon make me not a ſlave.

Ah! what avails my idle pray'r,
But ſloth, and dire diſeaſes rank;
What num'rous ills might vice prepare,
To make my future life a BLANK!

Then

Then may I rightly hence employ
The gifts poſſeſs'd, nor aught deſpiſe;
Be health, content, domeſtic joy,
And conſcious rectitude my PRIZE.

A MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.

Sacred to the MEMORY
Of the Right Hon. Lord GEORGE LYTTELTON,
BARON of FRANKLEY.
A Nobleman, who diſcharged the many important Offices of State,
To which the Public Voice invited him,
With unſullied Honour, and the ſtricteſt Integrity.

In the SENATE,
He diſtinguiſhed himſelf as an eloquent and perſuaſive Orator.
His inflexible Attachment,
HIS ZEAL, AND INDEFATIGABLE ATTENTION
To the Welfare of our happy Conſtitution,
Endeared him to every Friend of civil and religious Liberty.

His MODERATION,
(Conſpicuous in every Action of his important LIFE,)
Secured to him the Reſpect and Eſteem
Of various contending Parties.

His RETIREMENT
From more weighty and important Concerns.
HE DEDICATED TO THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE MANNERS,
AND THE EMBELLISHMENT OF THE LANGUAGE
Of his native Country.

His

His GENIUS

Is acknowledged, even by the Severity of Criticiſm,

To have been Extenſive and Sublime;

HIS DICTION, CHASTE AND NERVOUS;

His Periods, flowing and harmonious;

His Sentiments, delicate and correct.

His numerous LITERARY PRODUCTIONS ſhall remain

An inſtructive MONUMENT of his Learning and Uſefulneſs,

To lateſt Poſterity.

His private Virtues, which ſhone with the mildeſt, yet brighteſt, Luſtre,

Diffuſed their Influence to all around him:

Social and humane,

His bounteous Hand was ever open to alleviate the Afflictions

Of every Object deſerving of compaſſionate Regard.

His FRIENDSHIP,

Which reflected Honour on the greateſt of his Cotemporaries,

WAS NOT WITHHELD FROM THE MEANEST OF THE SONS OF LITERATURE.

Anxiouſly ſolicitous to encourage and reward real Merit,

He chearfully embraced every Opportunity

To reſcue it from the Obſcurity of Birth,

And the Perſecutions of Fortune.

Throughout a Courſe of SIXTY-THREE Years,

(The too ſhort Period of ſo invaluable a Life)

HE WAS UNIVERSALLY ADMIRED AND BELOVED.

The melancholy EVENT of his DEATH,

Which happened in the Year of our Lord

ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-THREE,

Was equally REGRETTED and LAMENTED.

Inſpired by Gratitude, this faint Out-line of his Lordſhip's great and amiable Character, is delineated by the trembling Hand of an unlettered Muſe; one whom his Lordſhip was pleaſed to diſtinguiſh by many Teſtimonies of his Condeſcenſion and benevolent Regard.

FINIS.